

## **The Upside Down by alltoowheeler**

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**Summary:**

prompt from willthewisest on tumblr, will in the upside down

## The Upside Down

“Should I stay or should I go now...”

Will shivered at the sound of his own voice, thin and shaky, his throat constricted from the thick, rotten air. He coughed.

“...Should I stay or should I go now...”

He lay on his side on a blanket in Castle Byers; or what had been Castle Byers a lifetime ago, before the monster, before the dark, quiet, toxic-smelling place it had taken him to. The Upside Down, he had heard a girl's voice say once. He could hear their faint voices sometimes: his mom, Jonathan, Mike, Dustin, Lucas. The girl's voice hadn't sounded familiar, but he could hear it clearest of all. He was sure she had been talking about where he was. He was sure she knew. She understood.

“...If I go there will be trouble...”

The cold, still air pressed in on him. He shivered; his down vest was soaked through with foul water. He wasn't even sure when or how he had gotten so wet. Everything was a blur.

He coughed again, his stomach growling. He was so hungry and thirsty all the time, more than he'd ever been in his life. He could barely remember what it was like not to be.

“...And if I stay it will be double...”

Will suddenly thought of what his mom used to say to him and Jonathan when they were little, anytime they got upset. He could almost hear her saying it, even though it had been years. “Think of something that makes you happy.”

He remembered. He remembered playing fetch with Chester, making sandwiches after school, drawing pictures to give to his friends for their birthdays. He remembered how Mike used to keep all of his carefully stacked on a shelf in his basement. He remembered playing D&D, making dinner with his mom, listening to music with Jonathan.

Going to the movies, winning the science fair. Hugging Mike and wishing he could stay there forever.

“...So you got to let me know...”

But they were just memories. He was still in the Upside Down, still cold and weak and hungry and sick and thirsty all at once. A hot tear ran down the side of his face. The monster was still here, looking for him. He could feel it. All he could do was hide, hide until someone found him, either his mom or the monster.

But he could do that.

“...Should I stay or should I go.”

He was good at hiding.